Boys light up by buckyjbarnnes

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Summary:

They were drunk out of their minds. He should’ve known it was a bad idea.

Boys light up

Author's Note:

> i wanted this to be a valentine's day thing, but nevermind i guess... anyways, this is kind of unrelated to the other parts of the series, but if you want, it could be what happened before they started engaging in all the other filth lmao
> I hope this doesn't suck too much and i also really hope you like it!! you know your comments are always appreciated!! :)

They were drunk out of their minds.

He should've known it was a bad idea.

At some point, Billy had decided that he was wearing way too many clothes, and that it was starting to get hot, so he had taken his shirt off. He doesn't remember what were they doing, because maybe it was fucking dancing like dumb assholes to whatever was playing in the background, but maybe it was also fake wrestling in the ground. Whatever it was, getting rid of their clothes became a necessity apparently, because each one of them tossed items of clothing every few minutes, until they were standing just in their briefs.

They kept doing whatever it was they were doing, progressively downing the bottle of vodka they had been sharing and getting even drunker. When almost the entire contents of the bottle had vanished, everything became even hotter. The room spun like crazy, and they were both panting like they just ran five miles, so in silent agreement, they decided to lay down in the carpet side by side. Billy noticed how Steve's skin glistened with sweat, and how his dark hair matted to his sweaty neck. He really liked Steve looking like that, because Steve looked like that in his mind every time he jerked off.

It wasn't that Billy was a fag, but also maybe he was, but only for Steve. The guy was hot as fuck, nice, funny and most importantly, he

genuinely seemed to *like* Billy. So Billy liked Steve back, but not only platonically. He didn't always admit that so freely, but he was way too out of everything to be scared of how honest he was being with himself.

Billy couldn't help but stare at Steve for a while. Steve had his eyes closed and his hands resting on his stomach, looking like some sort of painting or something, oblivious to everything else around him. Billy tried to memorize how peaceful Steve looked, breathing steadily with his expression unpreoccupied, open and relaxed, just basking in the warmth of the alcohol and the physical activity. Not even the hottest girls Billy banged back in Cali reached the level of fucking ethereal Steve was in that moment.

Guys were not supposed to be pretty, but Steve was.

Before Billy was aware of it – too caught up thinking about how fucking beautiful Steve was looking like that – his briefs were tenting a little bit.

Billy turned onto his stomach quickly, trying to hide his embarrassing boner. The last thing he wanted after a rather enjoyable night was to be thrown out or possibly be punched for being a queer by the only friend he's had in the longest time, and also the only person he'd ever felt something genuine for.

He needed to pull himself together.

He rested his head on his forearm, still looking at how unbothered Steve seemed to be. He breathed in and out discreetly, trying to calm down all the rush of mixed emotions he was having, since they kind of only made his boner grow bigger. He was honestly getting desperate, even if Steve didn't seem to be wanting to open his eyes or move any time soon. He needed the hard-on to go away real soon. He tried imagining the gruesome aspect of his knuckles right after a nasty fight, or even to dwell in the guilt of having beat the shit out of Steve that night at the Byers', but he was drunk, and Steve was all around him like a blanket. Billy was intoxicated by the almost sweet smell of Steve's cologne mixed with his sweat, and the way his warm,

solid presence embraced him so powerfully. Billy soon realized he was fighting against a more primal and more powerful part of himself, because his dick was only getting harder every second.

Billy was truly fucked.

But then Steve spoke, quietly, almost tentative, distracting Billy from his crisis, but due to the intimacy of the tone, also sending a jolt of arousal to his groin.

“You ever… e-ever…like,” Steve hesitated, swallowing quietly, “compared sizes with someone?”

Billy nearly choked on his own spit, and was about to use his default ‘cover’ and say something like, “Harrington, I’m not a fag,” in a gruff and threatening way, but he was drunk, and liked Steve way too much, so against his better judgement, he started thinking with his dick – and his heart, really.

He waited for a bit, closed his eyes, and mimicking unconsciously the same intimate tone Steve had used, he said, “No, not really.”

Steve startled then, almost as if he wasn’t really expecting an answer. His previously placid face was gone in a second, replaced by what looked like regret and resignation. He waited for a bit, probably bracing himself for whatever he was going to find on Billy’s face, and then looked at him expecting.

Billy just stared back, at loss for words or what to do next.

Steve seemed to quickly evaluate his options, seeing as Billy was not about to punch him and call him a fag, but his drunken mind seemed to make him not really evaluate anything, because suddenly he was pushing his luck.

“I haven’t either,” he breathed hesitant, but continued, “But…I…I sometimes think it’d be alright to try?”

Billy just kept staring at Steve, because *fuck*, he knew exactly where this was going to lead them to. Had he been sober, he would’ve probably said something to stop it and even would’ve made a joke, but his dick was more powerful when he was in such a state, and also

what he thought Steve was suggesting was exactly what he thought about nearly every single night since he'd laid eyes on Steve, and Billy really loved getting what he wanted.

"Yeah? You up for that, pretty boy?" Billy teased slightly, forgetting about all doubts about the situation for a moment, and never breaking eye contact with Steve, who actually flushed a little bit. Billy continued, a little more quietly, "I've…yeah, thought about it too."

Steve's eyes widened comically then, but not in disgust or alarm, more like surprise to the fact that someone like Billy would have what basically were gay thoughts.

They were still staring at each other, flushing and at loss for what to do next.

Billy wasn't one to enjoy awkward silence, so to break it, he said, "Mine's bigger, for fucking sure," and slowly smiled – not his usual cruel or menacing smile – just smiled tentatively to see what Steve would do.

Steve answered right away and teasing back, without an ounce of hesitation. "Yeah? Well, from what I've seen in the showers, I kinda disagree," Steve smiled at Billy too then, with a glint in his eyes. Billy licked his lower lip.

"Oh? So you've been looking huh? I know I'm irresistible, Stevie, but thanks for admitting to it,"

"Try not to cream your pants, dude," Steve said smugly, a smile forming in his lips.

Billy bit his lower lip slightly, and chuckled breathily. Steve was quietly smiling and just looking at Billy with a challenge in his stare.

Billy was so, *so* fucking hard for Steve.

"If you like it so much, then do something about it," Billy smirked that seductive way he knew made everyone swoon. Steve of course was not the exception, if his deepened flush was anything to go by.

Steve was hesitating a little bit, as if he was unsure about what to do next, so Billy helped him by getting closer on the ground, until their bodies were almost flush next to each other. Steve followed Billy's tongue as he licked his lower lip, and slowly moved his hand to touch Billy's lower back. When his hand touched him, he shakily exhaled.

Billy noticed then, that Steve's underwear was tenting, and that his breathing picked up.

Billy really wanted this to last, but fuck if he was going to spend one more second not being all over Steve now that he could. He suddenly supported his weight on his forearms, and compensated Steve's uncertain moves with sure ones of his own, getting on top of him, straddling his hips. Steve gasped, but his hands quickly grabbed Billy's thighs.

Every single point where Steve's skin made contact with his own was almost scorching hot, and he fucking loved it. He had never felt so fucking *alive* before.

Billy put his hands on Steve's lower belly, sitting up straighter and purposefully making their clothed hard dicks brush slightly. Billy was able to see how Steve tried not to squirm or whimper, gripping his thighs harder, but how eventually he completely failed anyways. Billy felt fucking *powerful*. He relished in how good Steve looked sprawled on the carpet, underneath him, with half lidded eyes full of want and short unsteady breaths coming out of his parted lips.

Billy's dick twitched. This was seriously something out of his fucking wet dreams.

"So," Billy breathed out, moving his thumbs slightly, massaging the softness of Steve's stomach, "let's see if *this* is why they used to call you king."

Steve groaned slightly and closed his eyes when Billy started to tug at the elastic of his underwear. He slid it off slowly, making Steve shiver a little bit with anticipation. When the front came off and Steve's hard dick sprung free, Billy had to bite his lip to stop the groan that threatened to scape. Steve sighed and moved his hands up and down Billy's thighs, looking at him with a heated stare. Billy seriously

thought he could come from the sight alone.

There was absolutely no goddamn doubt that this was exactly why Steve used to be called *King Steve*. He was fucking huge, and just exactly as thick and long as Billy had guessed. All second thoughts Billy was kind of having up until that point about the whole thing were absolutely forgotten in an instant, and seeing Steve's dick hard and red for him was all it took for him to forget about his "I'm no fucking faggot, Harrington" façade.

When he looked at Steve's face, he had a smug expression, which only made Billy want to maul him, and a daring glint in his eyes.

"Impressed?" Steve choked out. The fucker had some nerve.

Billy didn't lose time at all. He thought about putting up a show just to fuck with Steve, because why the fuck not, they had gotten that far already, but he figured that this was definitely going to happen again, so instead he just slid his underwear off with no hesitation.

If anyone asked him, he was very fucking proud of his dick. It wasn't much different than Steve's though; about the same size and girth, cut and slightly curved upwards. He thought it would be really fucking unforgettable the moment he lined their dicks together.

When his dick sprung free from his underwear, all red and leaking, Steve gripped Billy's hips, hard and groaned slightly, his dick twitching and clearly interested.

Billy really wanted to taste the precum catching on Steve's slit. He was sure he was eating Steve alive with his eyes.

He didn't touch Steve or himself though, seeing as Steve was too far gone and looking about ready to beg if Billy played it cool long enough.

Unsurprisingly, Steve *did* fucking beg, all breathy and with his doe eyes glassy and desperate.

"B-Billy…?"

"Yeah?"

“C’mon…”

“What?”

“You know fucking what,”

“No I don’t.”

Steve looked clearly frustrated, rolling his eyes and everything, which only made Billy smirk and slightly cant his hips forwards so that their dicks touched. Steve groaned then and caught Billy by surprise, by throwing him to the ground and crawling on top of him. Billy gasped and fell gracelessly, hitting his head a little. Before he could protest though, Steve was quickly grabbing the both of them in his hand, and supporting himself with the other, leaning down enough to brush his nose against Billy’s.

The contact of his hard dick against Steve’s was almost electric, and had Billy moaning quietly and closing his eyes, his hands automatically grabbing Steve’s hips.

“So, who wins, Hargrove?” Steve whispered lowly and squeezed their dicks a little. Billy started to pant. He looked down and just the sight of their leaking dicks rubbing together was enough to make him shudder and almost lose it. He couldn’t speak or think, so he just held Steve’s hips tighter.

After a couple of seconds of Steve just staring at him with the fucking hottest bedroom eyes ever, so close to his face that he could almost taste his breath, and of his warm hand around the both of them not moving at all, Billy started to lose his mind.

“Who fucking cares Steve, Jesus, move your god dammed hand,” Billy struggled to whisper, which made Steve snort a little bit.

“Ask nicely.”

“What?”

“Say please real pretty and I move my hand.”

Billy had never fucking begged for anything, not when sex was

involved anyways, but Steve Harrington was basically his exception to every rule, and he had waited way too long to be *close* with him.

He wrapped his left hand around their dicks and Steve's hand, and supported himself on his elbow, making Steve lean back a little bit, and angling their faces in the process in the perfect position to kiss. Billy gave Steve his best heated stare, squeezed his hand tighter for a second and then released, but didn't move his hand away. He then brushed his lips very lightly over Steve's before using an almost desperate whisper.

"I'm so hard for you Steve…Do you know how hot you are? Please, *please*, baby" Billy squeezed again, "I *need* you- "

Steve didn't really seem to think what he was doing, more just like acting on an impulse because he was closing his lips on Billy's without hesitation as soon as the words left Billy's lips. The kiss was fucking *magic*. Steve's lips turned out to be full and soft, like those of a girl but somehow better, warmer, surer. Billy kissed back with eagerness and allowed Steve to bite his bottom lip, and to tug it slightly, before soothing it with his tongue. Steve, even in his lusty haze wasn't overeager like a virgin, or demanding like someone who was used to taking whatever they wanted – like Billy – but more like someone who knows what they're doing. He was using practiced movements he *knew* would drive anyone insane, and he was absolutely right, because Billy felt like he was burning from the inside, with his dick leaking helplessly between their sweaty palms.

Billy was almost pliant at that point, ready to take and give whatever Steve wanted. He was gasping between kisses, trying to sit up a little better to be able to cup Steve's jaw to deepen the kiss, but the movement caused their dicks to slide against each other a little bit and Billy swore he saw fucking stars.

Steve grabbed a handful of Billy's curls then, and tugged groaning. Billy couldn't help but moan at the sensation. Their breaths were ragged, and their kiss turned more into a combination of pants and tongues licking each other than anything else. Billy was really out of it, whimpering shamelessly and too far gone to care about anything, circling Steve's waist with his arm to bring him closer. Steve started moving his hand to stroke their dicks together, and Billy felt helpless,

using the hand wrapped around Steve's to instead grab a handful of his hair and at the same time, hiding his face in the crook of Steve's neck, breathing him in. Everything felt fucking heavenly, even if the drag against their dicks was not nearly as slick as he normally liked. Billy was grunting and more often than not, biting the tender skin of Steve's neck, sucking and leaving marks all over. Steve panted and groaned wetly next to his ear.

Billy swore he saw fucking heaven when Steve ran a thumb along the head of their dicks, spreading the precum around and teased the slits. It was pure fucking bliss, and Steve wasn't even really moving his hand like he should've. Eventually, Billy collected himself enough to spit a generous amount on their dicks, in hopes of making the drag a bit better. It should've been quite disgusting, but Steve seemed to be into it, because he moaned and tightened his grip on Billy's hair when the warm spit coated their cocks.

Steve thumbed at the underside of his dick and made Billy shiver and sigh a little bit. Steve then searched for Billy's lips, and they were kissing. It was for fucking sure the filthiest and the best kiss he'd ever had.

Billy was never one to go pliant and let the other person do all the work, but he figured Steve was not just anyone, and honestly yielding all control to him was the best thing he had ever felt, so he allowed Steve to kiss him and mark him, leaving read spots all over the side of his neck while he stroked their dicks together at whatever pace he wanted.

Steve then started to make their hands move faster, their cocks rubbing harder against each other. Billy slid his nose perfectly with Steve's, and as he stroked their cocks faster every time, he closed his lips on Steve's lower one, and soon enough they were licking into each other's mouths, swallowing their choked off sounds of pleasure.

After a while little while though, Billy's dick pulsed insistently against Steve's, so he thrusted up a little bit into Steve's fist, and had to break the kiss to groan and pant in the crook of Steve's neck. Steve moaned little breathy sounds right next to his ear, and they were so fucking beautiful they almost pushed Billy over the edge.

Billy wished they could do this forever.

He was losing control way too fast though, not thinking properly, so he talked in between moans and pants.

“S-Steve,” He croaked out directly into Steve’s ear, “you’re so *perfect*…shit…you’re so hot,”

He disentangled his hand from where he grabbed a handful of Steve’s hair, and instead grabbed his ass cheek, squeezing it and then giving it a hard slap.

Steve threw his head back and fucking *cried out*. Billy nearly died right there and then.

“I’m gonna fuck you, Steve,” Billy panted and bit Steve’s neck, leaving an angry, red mark, “I’m gonna fuck you just like this next time, baby, you’d like that?”

“B-Billy…*yes,*” Steve moaned brokenly, thumbing Billy’s frenulum and picking up the pace with his hand, making Billy groan helplessly.

“Fuck-I’m-“

And just like that, Billy shuddered, cried out harder than he ever thought he would, and came violently hard and fast, spilling all over Steve’s hand and their dicks. He panted like he just ran a marathon, and grabbed Steve’s everywhere. Steve came shortly after him, throwing his head back and whimpering and moaning so pretty, making a complete mess of Billy’s chest and resting his forehead against Billy’s. They stayed like that for a while, trying to catch their breath and still holding each other.

Steve had closed his eyes and Billy appreciated with satisfaction how fucked out Steve looked.

When Steve opened his eyes and they looked at each other and then at how they were basically covered in spunk, he couldn’t help but snort. He realized then that Steve’s hair was sticking out everywhere and that somehow, he also got cum on the side of his cheek, and a glazed look of surprise that made him look honestly *adorable*, but at the same time like he was about to pass out. Billy held him tighter.

“What’re you laughing at, asshole?”

“You’ve got like, cum on your cheek,”

“Whose fault is that, huh?”

Steve looked truly offended, so Billy just laughed a little bit and gave him a small kiss on the lips. His expression softened immediately, but then he brought up his come-covered hand and rubbed it against Billy’s cheek, laughing.

“*Gross*, Harrington.”

Author's Note:

hope there aren't too many mistakes, i only proof-read my shit once, y'all already know lmao

thank you for reading!!!